THE

Four Indian Kings

GARLAND,

BEING

A faithful and true Account how the powerful charms of a beautiful Lady conquer'd the Heart of one of the Four INDIAN KINGS.

J. Ferraby, Printer, Market-Place, Hull.

PART I.

LISTEN to a true relation,
Of four Indian Kings of late,
Who came to this Chriſtian Nation,
To report their ſorrows great;
Which by France they had ſuſtained,
To the overthrow of trade,
That the ſeas may be regained,
They are come to beg our aid.
Having told their ſad condition,
To our late moſt gracious Queen,
With all humble low ſubmiſſion,
Mixed with a gracious mien;
Humbly they were received,
In bold Britain's royal court,
Many lords and ladies grieved,
At thoſe Indian Kings' report.
Now their meſſage being ended,
To the Queen's great Majeſty,
They were further ſtill befriended,
By the noble ſtanders by;
With a glance of Britain's glory,
Buildings, troops, and twenty things,
But now comes a preſſing ſtory,
Love ſeizes one of theſe four Kings.
Thus as it was then related,
Walking forth to take the air,
In St. James's Park they waited,

Troops of charming ladies fair,
Rich and gaudily attir'd,
Rubies, jewels and diamond rings,
One fair lady was admir'd,
By the youngeſt of theſe Kings.
While he did with grief diſcover,
Often ſaying to the reſt,
Like a broken hearted lover,
Oft he ſmote upon his breaſt:
Breathing forth this lamentation,
Oh! what pain do I endure,
The young ladies of this nation,
They are more than mortals ſure.
In his language he related,
How her angel beauty bright,
His great heart had expatiated,
E'er ſince ſhe appear'd in ſight;
Tho' there is ſome fair and pretty,
Youthful, proper, ſtraight and tall,
In this chriſtian land and nation,
Yet ſhe far exceeds them all.
Was I worthy of her favour,
Which is better worth than gold,
Then I might enjoy for ever,
Charming bleſſings manifold;
But I fear ſhe cannot love me,
I muſt hope for no ſuch thing,
That ſweet ſaint is far above me;
Though I am an Indian King,
Let me draw up my petition,

To that Lady fair and clear,
Let her know my weak condition,
That I languish under here;
If on me after this trial,
She'll no eye of pity cast,
But return a flat denial,
Friends, I can but die at last.
If I fall by this distraction,
Through a lady's cruelty,
'Tis some small satisfaction,
That I do a martyr die:
To the Goddess of great beauty,
Brighter than the morning day,
Sure a greater piece of duty,
No poor captive love can pay.
Oh! this fatal burning fever,
Gives me little hope of life,
If forthwith I may not have her,
For my love and lawful wife;
Bear to her this royal token,
Tell her, 'tis my diamond ring,
Pray her that it mayn't be spoken,
She destroys an Indian King:
Who is able to advance her,
In our rich America;
Let me soon receive an answer,
From herself without delay:
Every minute seems an hour,
Every hour six I'm sure,
Tell her it lies in her power,

At this time to kill or cure,
Tell her that you ſee me ready,
To expire for her ſake,
As ſhe is a chriſtian lady,
Sure ſhe will ſome pity take;
I ſhall long for your returning,
From that pure unſpotted dove,
All the while I ſhall lay burning,
Wrapt in ſcorching flames of love.

PART II.

I WILL fly with your petition,
To the lady fair and clear,
Tell her of your ſad condition,
I will to her preſence bear,
Tell her how you do adore her,
And lie bleeding for her ſake,
Having laid the caſe before her,
She perhaps may pity take.
Ladies they are apt to glory,
In their youthful birth and ſtate,
Therefore I'll rehearſe the ſtory,
Of their being truly great;
So farewell, ſir, for a ſeaſon,
I will ſoon return again,
If ſhe's but endow'd with reaſon,
Labour is not ſpent in vain.
Having found her habitation,
Which with diligence he ſought,

Though renowned in her ſtation,
He was to her preſence brought;
Where he labour'd to diſcover,
How his lord and maſter lay,
Like a penſive wounded lover,
By her charms the other day.
As a token of his honour,
He has ſent this ring of gold,
Set with diamonds, ſave the owner,
For his gifts are manifold;
Life and death are both depending,
On what anſwer you will give,
There he lies your charms commending,
Grant him love that he may live.
You may tell your lord and maſter,
Said the charming lady fair,
Tho' I pity his diſaſter,
Being catch'd in cupid's ſnare:
'Tis againſt all true diſcretion,
To comply with what I ſcorn,
He's a Heathen by profeſſion,
I'm a chriſtian bred and born.
Was he a king of many nations,
Crowns and royal dignity,
And I born of mean relations,
You may tell him this from me;
While I've any life or breathing,
The true God I will adore,
And will never wed a Heathen,
Not for the rich Indian ſhore.

I have had my education,
From my infant blooming youth,
In this Chriſtian land and nation,
Where the bleſſed word and truth,
Is to be enjoy'd with pleaſure,
Amongſt Chriſtians kind and mild,
That is more than all the treaſure,
To be had with Heathens wild.
Madam let me be admitted,
Once to ſpeak in his defence,
If he e'er then may be pitied,
Breathe not forth ſuch violence;
He and all the reſt were telling,
That how well they lik'd the place,
And declar'd themſelves right willing,
To receive the light of grace.
Therefore lady, be not cruel,
His unhappy fate condole,
Quench the flame abate the fuel,
Spare his life to ſave his ſoul.
Then ſhe ſpoke like one concerned,
Tell your maſter this from me,
Let him firſt be truly turned,
From his groſs idolatry.
If he will become a Chriſtian,
Live up to the truth reveal'd,
Then I'd have him ſtart the queſtion,
But before I ne'er will yield:
Though he has been pleas'd to ſend me,
His rich ring and diamond ſtone,

With this anſwer pray commend me,
To your maſter yet unknown.
Away the meſſenger returned,
With this lady's anſwer ſoon,
To his longing lord who mourned,
Waiting for his final doom;
Having ſoon obtain'd admiſſion,
In his preſence did appear,
Said, with humble low ſubmiſſion,
Honour'd ſir, be pleas'd to hear.
Great Prince, this is her reſolution,
She by no means will comply,
So averſe to your profeſſion,
You muſt either turn or die:
Yet received your royal favour,
And withal to me did ſay,
If you'll forſake your pagan error,
To the lady, ſir, you're free.
The King received this kind anſwer,
Soon renounc'd his Idol way,
And within a ſhort time after,
Weds the charming lady gay;
In a moſt reſplendent manner,
Uſher'd by a glorious train,
Honour'd with the royal preſence,
Of our late moſt gracious Queen.

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THE END.

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